

# SOUTHERNER'S EXPERIENCE IN A NORTHERN GARDEN

Continued from Sixth Page.

vigorous and free blooming, bearing immense feathery flowers. The Lady Roosevelt and enchantment pink were wonderful, growing very tall and having a mass of bloom. For one who uses lavender colored flowers the flower of the lavender is a wonder and a delight to grow. My bed of them received unqualified praise.

The long row of asters brought many admiring visitors and was a great source of pleasure to me. The remaining 300 feet of the strip I put into dahlias. A. D. Livoni or Ethel Vio, pink, Lord Lyndhurst, scarlet, and Souvenir de Gustave Dugou. The latter had beautiful red flowers eight inches in diameter and caused unusual comment and great admiration. It won first prize at our flower show.

Condensed milk cans make good pots for starting tomato plants in, also melons, aubergines, etc. Cut the bottom out close to the side with a can opener, remove the cap on the top, and the can is used upside down. Set a piece of heavy cardboard in the bottom over the hole made by removing the cap; this gives drainage and keeps the dirt from washing out.

PAUL E. MCGINTY.

## A SOUTHERNER IN A NORTHERN GARDEN.

By EMILIE R. WALTER.

My home had always been in a Southern city, but circumstances having given me the opportunity to share a home with a friend in a Northern village, near the scene of "Eben Holden," the change of location was made a little more than a year ago.

The house, a large brick mansion over a half century in age, stands on a road just outside of the village, and is surrounded by three and a half acres of land. Many large maples grace the front lawn. At the back of the house there is a large pasture, an alfalfa field and about an acre for garden purposes. The pasture with its red barn, the alfalfa and part of the garden we rented to a neighbor with a penchant for cows.

A choice strip through the center of the garden portion was reserved for our own use. A beautiful, sunny piece of land, just sandy enough for vegetables. The strip measured 110 by 80 feet.

Fifty feet we planned for art vegetables but potatoes, thirty feet were to be given to them alone. This

was a garden on a large scale for a novice to run, as there was no help to be depended upon. The male population cannot be bribed or persuaded to "hire out." The cracker barrel has too many attractions for some and others are really too busy with their own affairs. I had had no previous experience in gardening or knowledge of what or when to plant. I was not quite as ignorant as the college girl in slacks, but my knowledge was extremely limited.

I feverishly subscribed for two garden papers and learned, almost by studying, the weekly garden notes which appeared in *THE SUN*; therefore by fall I knew enough to have the asparagus bed and the rhubarb plants covered thickly with manure, which was brought to me by a farmer who wished to repay an indebtedness. On both sides of the house there were bare places in which I clumped hardy phlox and hollyhocks given us by the druggist in the village whose plants needed thinning. Yellow hollyhocks were planted along the side wall of the house, as yellow looked well against the red brick. I did persuade an old man in the village to plant for me, and he stopped several times in the process to recite poems he had written in a deserted garden of the South during the civil war.

A neighbor across the road was about to move away and gave us permission to take all the lilacs and lilacs of the valley we wished. After laboring two days nine lilac bushes were transferred to one side yard and a bed of lilacs was put out in the front near the entrance steps.

Lilacs do not grow freely in the South; they were therefore particularly acceptable and were planted with great anticipation for what the spring would bring forth. When the bitter winter weather settled upon us, weather which can almost rival that of the North Pole at times, with its temperature of forty below zero and the snow banked three and four feet, all hope left the Southern heart—could any living thing survive such cold? Many of the winter nights were spent in reading garden lore and I became a question mark to all who had ever planted a garden.

Then the catalogues began to arrive and what seed or how much to buy for a garden of 50 feet by 110 became the one fixed idea. The garden papers advised the old standard varieties among the vegetables and a list was made, after changing the names many times, for early, medium and late varieties. Fascinating plump packages of seed came promptly with notice that the berry and currant bushes ordered would be sent in due time.

While waiting impatiently for spring the early, medium and late seeds were divided into three portions and placed in the order to be planted. As I had not known enough about a frozen soil to prepare and store earth for the early house planting of seed a provident neighbor gave me some soil which I mixed with cellar sweepings, woodshed dust and some frozen clods of earth which thawed out by the furnace. In this the tomato and pepper seeds were planted and the

shallow boxes put in a sunny window. If eager eyes could have drawn up the little cotyledons they would have come through long before they did.

With the first thaw the manure was raked from the asparagus and rhubarb and the soil made soft with a four tined fork. More manure was needed for the garden. After much persuasion our farmer neighbor consented to draw two loads for us and to plough and harrow the ground. Though the harrow was used in two directions the soil was left in a very lumpy condition, and for me remained the task of reducing it to a texture fit for seed by hoe and hand labor.

I envied the tenant the large pile of manure outside of his barn door. After every rain a torrent of black liquid drained from the pile to the earth around it, killing all vegetation. The waste made me desperate until I gained permission to dig two deep holes at the base of the pile, where I once with three rich liquid manure and continued to furnish a supply long after the pile had been removed. Eighty gallons were taken from the holes and stored in kegs and old syrup cans for later use.

Early one morning there came from outside the tap, tap, tap, which could only be a woodpecker—the he was running up the trunk of a tree pecking as he ran. A visit to the attic window ledges revealed partly built nests. The robins had come, spring was here. Each day as I turned fresh soil for seed fat, round chested robins followed closely behind me, which I delivered worms exposed and turned their little heads sidewise as I talked to them in imitation bird language.

I began to make my rows beside the pasture fence so that I could measure from the fence at each end and thus get a straight line. The sticks driven into the earth made a good line.

The planting lesson was learned as I worked with a garden book in one hand and a hoe in the other until "dig a shallow trench, cover seed two inches and firm soil well over seed" became a chant by which I delivered Spinach, lettuce, radish and onion seeds were now put freely in, too freely, as after results proved, for early and constant thinning were required to keep the seeds from germinating a hundred to the square inch.

The first little green tips which showed above ground saved me a few dollars and I thought of that beautiful chapter of "Corinthians":

"Behold, I show you a mystery! That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die, and that which thou sowest thou sowest not that body that shall be. God giveth it a body as it shall please Him."

But where were the onions? They seemed to have decided to remain below. The radishes sown with them as row markers had almost become visible above the fuzzy little green line became visible to the naked eye, and even then there was the awful uncertainty whether the line was grass or onions. From that time until the end of the summer those two fifty foot rows of onions gave me backaches and apoplectic tendencies than all the other vegetables of the garden.

The berry and currant bushes had arrived and had been set out on a line

with the asparagus and rhubarb, making a permanent row in the garden where the plough could not be used, and the cultivation must be done by hand. After carefully planting my berry bushes one foot apart in the row I discovered I had turned two pages in my book and had read the wrong directions for berry planting. Every other plant had to be dug up and reset two feet apart.

I must pause here to laud my hand cultivator. It made gardening possible and kept down the weeds between the rows, those which came up in the rows were easily hoed out.

About the middle of May all the other seeds were sown. I had then become an expert in planting. I threw in seed, filled to required depth, firmed with hoe and foot, with true professional carelessness.

We were enjoying rhubarb and tender green shoots of asparagus when Decoration Day came, which all the good local gardeners said was the time to put out tomatoes, peppers and all the delicate plants which love no frost. As soon as the tomatoes were planted a drought began, which made water carrying the order of the afternoon instead of reading in the hammock, but remembering that one did not deserve a garden who would not rather carry pots of water than rest or read, I went to work.

Another drought was in full swing about cabbage planting time, and so were the cucumber beetles; my time was therefore divided at this period. Two Southern vegetables, okra and dwarf lima or "sibby" beans, as the negro hucksters call them, were planted in choice spots, given frequent cultivation and fertilizer, and altogether treated as the pampered darlings of the garden, for memories of okra soup and succotash stimulated vigilance. One authority said, "Plant lima beans with their eyes down," so the whole fifty foot row was planted with the eye of every twelve beans came up, a severe June frost nipped all but six, which only bore enough beans for seed another year. The okra shared a like fate. It remained in a dwarf state, with few pods until an August frost laid it low and thus perished the hope of okra soup and succotash.

Each month grew its own particular predominance, seed, milkweed, ironweed, ragweed, each in succession, but grass all the time. The appearance of "pussies" brought to mind my enjoyment of Dudley Warner's "My Summer in a Garden," and the efforts to exterminate that nut that shall be. God giveth it a body as it shall please Him."

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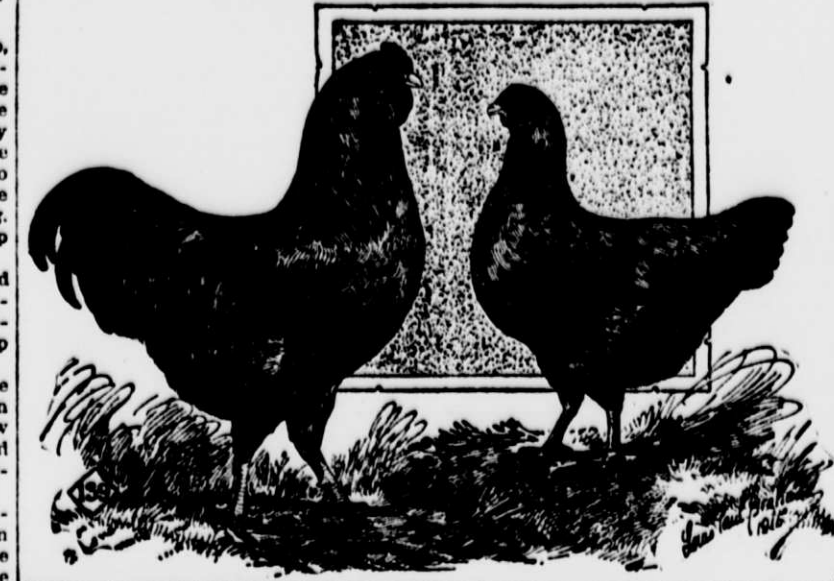
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# POULTRY NOTES

BUCKEYE REDS



## BACK YARD FARM IS BEST FOR BEGINNERS

Poultry Raising on Large Scale Is Hazardous Occupation.

EXPERIENCE IS NEEDED

By DR. T. J. CLEMENS.

Probably no branch of live stock keeping has suffered more by reason of the inexperience of those who enter into this industry than that of poultry keeping. The slogan of "back to the soil" has had its influence upon all classes of workers, both men and women, and the majority of these have decided that their particular case will be improved by entering into the field of poultry culture.

Persistence and patience are bound to bring success in poultry keeping, provided the operator follows the rules which are the result of experience and thousands of dollars expended during the past few decades by the foremost poultrymen in the world.

The universal opinion of these men points to the fact that it is from a small start that the greatest measure of success is to be gained—in fact it is the "back yard" poultryman who usually attains the most success and later is the best informed in the industry.

Most of the failures in the poultry industry may be attributed to too much money and a lack of experience. The call of "back to the soil" has been heard by men who have been successful in other lines of business and have amassed a moderate fortune. They have answered the call by disposing of their investments and entering into a new field with a modern equipment, but little practical experience.

There are many instances of these failures where large plants have sprung up in a short space of time, and modern buildings and equipment have been installed, but the owner, not being desirous of giving his personal attention to the details of the operation, has been compelled to employ experienced help at large salaries. The heavy expenses, the lack of knowledge, and the lack of interest have resulted in the plant being unable to stand.

For the prospective poultryman a lack of capital is rather more helpful than a lack of interest. It is better to begin in a small way and gradually acquire knowledge with the moderate increase of his stock. He is more able to appreciate the value of his equipment, to learn to dispense with many useless and expensive appliances and to use only those which will assist in saving labor and time, and thus add to the health and productivity of his flocks.

There is no one best breed of fowls, nor is there any particular variety of poultry which is best adapted to a particular climate. It is mostly a matter of preference on the part of the operator and it usually takes more than one season for him to determine his breed or variety is best suited to his desires or requirements.

There is no better way to take up poultry keeping than to begin in a small way, to plan the operation in advance, to study the various results of the different methods of feeding and the best means of maintaining health in the flock. Success in poultry keeping is a matter of variety which most appeals to your ideal. There can be secured from these much eggs in one season to make sufficient increase in the flock and to study the various characteristics of the parentage of the future flock.

If the females of this trio are carefully traced, most of which have been usually the hardest. There are many failures and disasters met while raising a small flock, but these will be beacons to steer you clear of future disaster when there is a greater amount of capital involved.

When the flock is increasing and the poultryman is acquiring practical experience, it is also the time when he is most profited by reading and studying current poultry literature. It gives him an opportunity to learn methods used by others, many of which have proven successful to them, but are not always successful to the novice. Be careful of too much radical experimentation. It may be alluring with a purpose in view, but it will be found that the greater number of these have at some time or another been given a trial and found wanting.

Avoid borrowed capital; do not enlarge too quickly, as the gradual increase in number of the flock will

be commensurate with the knowledge gained.

Very often at the beginning of the season there is every indication of success, but many unforeseen conditions will arise to the detriment of the growth and health of the flock and make it necessary to resort to radical changes in order to avoid disaster.

During the advancing stages of the flock there will be afforded an opportunity to study the various markets and market conditions, as, after all, this is the practical side of the poultry industry.

A market which will insure a handsome profit for a small plant would prove inadequate in disposing of the stock from the same plant when it is greatly increased.

In most instances the products of a small plant are disposed of through direct sales to private customers, where the poultryman either makes his deliveries in person or the customer buys direct from the plant. In this instance he gets the maximum price for his output at a minimum sales cost, but with a larger flock this method of marketing would be impractical.

Larger flocks need more attention, cost more for feeding, cost more to market the products, need more help and the profits pro rata to the number of fowls are considerably smaller.

When the flock grows too large for its quarters it is well to remember that the increase was made while they were housed in the back yard and that they were receiving personal attention from several members of the family and at the same time, in the majority of instances, the head of the house was receiving a steady income from some other occupation.

If a progressive increase is to be made, consider well before cutting off the regular income. By moving into the country on a small farm there will be another period of hard work where it will require patience and perseverance.

By a steady increase in the flocks and a gradual learning of the industry there are few rural occupations which offer such lucrative returns as poultry keeping, but it must ever be borne in mind that the best assurance to success is to make a slow, carefully studied plan of production and market conditions and be patient and persistent.

## BUCKEYE RED KNOWN AS FINE TABLE FOWL

Always Commands Ready Sale in Market and Hens Are Good Layers.

By L. P. GRAHAM.

The deservedly popular Rhode Island Red has been with us for more than a half century down in Rhode Island, where the breed originated and is kept for purely utilitarian purposes. There is still more or less annual production of new blood. Besides the use of Brown Leghorn males, Dark Cornish were also used, and the Rhode Island Red flocks showed many specimens with pea combs. Some of this stock was either transported to Ohio in the early days of the Rhode Island Red boom or the same crosses were made in that State and produced what was ultimately to be known as the Buckeye Reds. At any rate their originator, Mrs. Frank Pettibone, Rhode Island, had no doubt that his was not above securing some peacocks. Rhode Island Red fowls entering Eastern breeders to cross into their Buckeyes and thus "fix" the pea comb characteristic.

This fowl has proved a heavy layer of large brown eggs and the females are credited with exceptionally good laying abilities.

Like the Rhode Island Red, Buckeye flocks are good husky, vigorous growers and reach maturity at an early age. Females weigh from 5 1/2 to 6 1/2 pounds, from 5 1/2 to 8 pounds and more often exceed these weights. It is a table fowl par excellence, being round and full in the breast and possessing rich yellow legs and skin, which is always attractive to the housewife, thus making them have a brisk sale in the market.

The pullets commence laying at an early age—5 1/2 to 6 months—and are remarkable winter egg producers. Both sexes have rich dark red surface color, each feather barred with a row of slate blue. Below the surface is a rich glossy black, which shows in lights. Combs in both sexes are pea in shape and rather small in size.

CENT CLEARS HER CONSCIENCE.

Woman Who Deprived Weighing Machine Makes Restitution.

JUNCTION CITY, Mo., April 24.—Regina, a 10-year-old girl, who had been out of a penny more than a year ago, has been bothering her ever since, according to a letter received by G. W. Mills, the company's agent here.

In her letter the woman stated that more than a year ago she and her daughter were in the depot waiting for a train. The daughter placed a penny in the weighing machine, and after it had registered her weight and before she stepped from the machine, she noticed the penny on the scale and weighed it. This worried her so much that she mailed the penny in the weighing machine, thus easing her conscience.

The lessons to be learned in this story are: (1) Do not tamper with the scales. (2) Do not tamper with the scales. (3) Do not tamper with the scales.

Charles Fremd, formerly connected with the Rye Nurseries, Rye, N. Y., is now located at North Rose, N. Y., where he manufactures Sulco-V. B. a sulphur-whale oil compound, an insecticide and fungicide, indorsed by E. P. Felt, New York State entomologist.

Last year Charles J. Kimbly of White Plains, N. Y., had his trees so badly infested with San Jose scale that the bark on many of the younger trees was cracking. Sulco-V. B. was used and this year there is no scale in the orchard.

# POULTRY DIRECTORY

**The First Three Weeks**  
is the critical period of a chick's life.  
Don't experiment—use  
**Pratts Baby Chick Food**  
25c, 50c and \$1.00  
Greatest money and chick saver on the market. One trial and you will never be without it. Makes bone and muscle and protects from bowel trouble. Try Pratts way this season and raise all your chicks. Refuse substitutes; insist on Pratts.  
**Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back**  
Get Pratts 100 page Poultry Book  
Seed, Feed and Poultry supply dealers in New York and vicinity. 6146.

**Save Your Chicks**  
**DR. HESS POULTRY PAN-A-CE-A**  
Will Help Them Over The Danger Period  
During the first six weeks in which your success is threatened with leg weakness, indigestion, diarrhoea and scabs, I dare you to make this test! Feed one hatch of Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-A-CE-A regularly as directed—the other not. The six weeks if the Pan-A-CE-A chicks are not stronger, healthier—better feathered; if you don't wish you had had Dr. Hess Pan-A-CE-A in your whole life, go right back to your dealer and get your money—Dr. Hess. Only requires one cent's worth for thirty chicks for 10 days. 15¢ for 50c; 1¢ for 100. 10¢ for 250; 20¢ for 500.  
Dr. Hess Instant Loose Kitten  
Will keep your brood free from lice, Chiggers, mites, fleas, ticks, and all other pests. Sold by seed and poultry supply dealers and pet shops.  
DR. HESS & CLARK, Ashland, Ohio.

**LAURELTON FARMS**  
**WHITE LEGHORNS**  
**50,000 Baby Chicks Bred From Laurelton Layers**  
If you want chicks that by all that's right and reasonable should develop into paying layers, here is your opportunity. Every one of them is from eggs laid by our famous Laurelton Layers.  
Laurelton Farms is a business proposition, pure and simple. Not a sentimental hobby.  
Only high average layers pay us. That's the only kind we have. Chicks from these mothers making birds are the chicks to buy no matter whether you want them for business or as a fancier.  
Price, \$15 per 100.  
**8 Weeks Old Pullets**  
We have a few more of these pullets than we want right now. It's your chance to get some fine birds at a special price on large quantities.  
**LAURELTON FARMS**  
Box 13  
Chlorfield, New Jersey

**AT LAST!**  
A HIGH GRADE WELL MADE FULLY GUARANTEED COLLECTED COLONY BROODER AT A REASONABLE PRICE  
**500 CHICK CAPACITY \$1,500**  
**QUICK DELIVERY GUARANTEED CERTIFIED FARMS CO.**  
P. H. BELLINGHAM, Genl. Mgr.  
39C Barclay St., New York

**LAURELTON FARMS**  
Box 13  
Chlorfield, New Jersey

**Big Sale of INCUBATORS**  
**50 to 300 Egg Sizes**  
Were \$9 to \$29.00  
Now \$5.25 to \$15.50  
These Machines are Good Hatchers at Greatly Reduced Prices  
Poultrymen should not miss this sale.  
**ESSEX INCUBATOR CO.**  
87 Barclay St., New York City

**Good Profits for Beginners**  
The International Correspondence Schools have cleared the way to success by showing thousands of men and women how to make money from a small flock. The I. C. S. Course in Poultry Farming enables beginners to understand every essential.  
In six months, R. C. Maxwell of Pittsfield, Mass., made \$141.75 net profit from 100 pullets, solely as a result of I. C. S. training. He had never owned a chicken before he enrolled.  
"After failing with poultry four times I enrolled in the I. C. S. Poultry Farming Course, started again, and am making \$24.00 a month from 100 common hens. The course is worth ten times what I paid for it," says E. J. Hennessey, Hacia, Pa.  
You can do as well as these men and women. All you need is special knowledge. The I. C. S. Poultry Farming Course gives you all the information that you need.  
A special Poultry Breeding Course enables I. C. S. students to produce prize winning stock.

**CHICKS AND HATCHING EGGS**  
First Prize Plymouth Square Garden, N. Y. 1913. 100 Chick and 100 Hatching Eggs. All the hens are either Blue Ribbon winners or class winners. Will sell a limited number of sets at \$2.00 per set. Money must accompany order, and will be shipped as near desired date as possible. This is the best White Rock offer for the season 1915.  
J. F. SHERR, Worcester, Mass.

**CHICKS AND HATCHING EGGS**  
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